

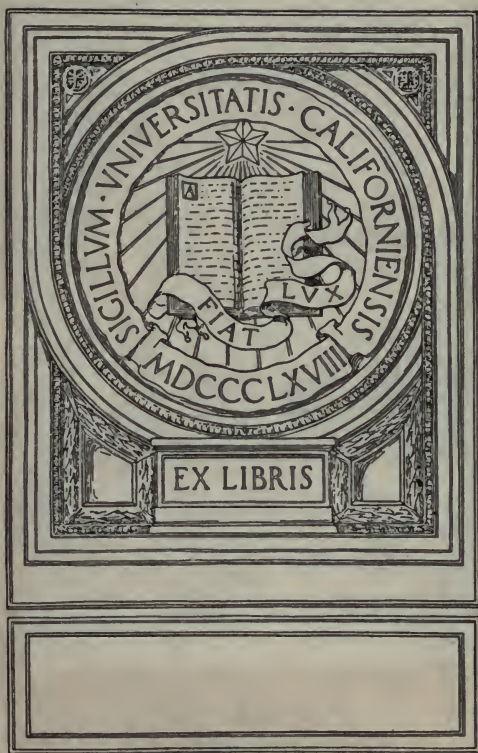
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*John Eustace Grubbe.*





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# A LETTER

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

ON THE

PRESENT CRISIS OF THE COUNTRY.

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BY THOMAS MULOCK,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

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“Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom : I am understanding ; I have strength.  
By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles,  
even all the judges of the earth.”

*Proverbs of Solomon, viii. 14, 15, 16.*

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LONDON :

JAMES RIDGWAY, PICCADILLY.

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1827.



SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S COURT.

## LETTER, &c.

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SIR,

AMONG the startling novelties teeming in our times and in our country, I am disposed to assign a peculiar, if not prominent place to the undertaking which now engrosses my thoughts, and will somewhat severely task my pen. A Christian pastor addressing a philosophical statesman upon subjects which are deemed to be the exclusive province of the latter, will appear, at first view, rather the product of presumption, than the fruit of wisely-directed good intention. Armed, however, with a just confidence, not in my own powers, but in the energy and efficacy of truths with which I am blessedly familiar, I am not careful of the hostile judgment of my fellow-men. My sole desire is to set forth what I know to be true, and to leave the matter, as to the enforcement of the same, with the *only wise God*. When I freely avow to you my full persuasion that Christianity will achieve, what philosophy toils

in vain to accomplish, you must not for a moment suppose that I scornfully disparage yourself, or your intellectual friends. I have not *so learned Christ* as to undervalue others for not attaining by effort what I possess by gift—nor am I perversely disinclined to discern the superiority you manifestly enjoy over the mass of mankind. I admire, none more admires, your varied, graceful, and commanding talents. I own the sweet influence, and chaste splendor of your captivating eloquence. I refer to portions of your political life with almost unchequered satisfaction; and I am happy to bear my unswayed testimony to the kindness and consistency of your private character, which I once socially studied, and now with mel-  
 lowed candour, distantly respect and regard. But *I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.* While I grant that you have a mind capable of comprehending much, if not all that human faculty glories in grasping, I cannot render you the unholy homage which would be implied in preferring your brilliant powers,—the shining mental energies of a man *wise in his generation*—to the *wisdom that cometh from above*, the application of divine verities to the affairs of this lower world. The station to which you have been recently called, has, it may be, pre-eminent attractions; but sure I am that it is vexed with many and conflicting cares, and cares too, let me predict to you, which will multiply with disquieting force and frequency, until a wis-



dom other than your own shall be sent to soothe and to succour you. I am constrained to use all *plainness of speech*, from my very earnestness to serve you—and boldness is becoming where truth is the theme. *I* know not fear, and *you* know that I seek not favour: and this distinct exposition of my feelings and motives will constitute a fitting and immediate introduction to the important things which I entreat your sustained attention to.

The monarch of this great and leading empire has by virtue of the discretion righteously vested in him, summoned you in a season of actual national need, and of much probable peril, to preside over his councils—for you have yourself assured me that you are indebted for your elevation solely to the “spontaneous favour of the king.” I assume this to be an unquestionable fact—because if it were otherwise—if ambition had urged you to intrigue for the possession of unoffered power—your short-lived usurpation would hardly afford me time to anticipate the details of your destruction. The just and sure foundation of your prosperity as chief minister of England, must be laid in the choice exercised by the sovereign, who hath said unto you *come up hither*. Men who *know not God* may scoff at this, the true doctrine of delegated power—but it is nevertheless the immutable principle of good government to which individuals and nations will be made to bow. How little is at this moment

known of the will of God with reference to the matters of men, may be gathered from the event that quickly ensued on your acceptance of highest office. Eight of your previous colleagues, by their respective acts, but I have no doubt, with a common, conspiratorial consent—flung back upon their King the responsibilities which he had graciously confided to them, and thus clearly manifested by their deeds the unuttered thought of their hearts—*we will not have this man to reign over us*. I do not impute to the retired and resentful ministers any designed deposition of the safely-seated Sovereign of these realms—for the manual labour of high treason is generally executed by harder and humbler hands—but I affirm with all certainty, that those misguided men are as guilty of rebellion in the sight of God, as any transgressors against royalty who have ever perished on the field, suffered on the scaffold, or withered in the dungeon. *Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers*, is the ordinance of the eternal God to the haughtiest sons of men. I cannot stoop to examine, for the purpose of special refutation, the idle sophistry of babbling politicians upon this point. It is enough for me to be filled with the assurance that kings are not meant to be crowned puppets, but to be rational rulers of submissive subjects. With *such* subjects I cannot class the titled and distinguished personages, who fled from the service of their Sovereign, because he persevered in placing at the head of his Govern-

ment, the man he conceived most capable of discharging the vast duties of a British Statesman. I have no hesitation in saying that your late colleagues have proved themselves unworthy of trust, and unfit for function. They are, to my thinking, high delinquents; and though not liable to human attainder, they are assuredly amenable to that tribunal from which there can be no appeal.

That the secession of your former associates must have already occasioned you much painful perplexity, I can readily imagine; but I am more desirous of seeing you avail yourself of the real advantages of your situation, than of dwelling on the difficulties to which you appear to be exposed. To my apprehension your hindrances will consist more in erring and abortive attempts to secure friends, than in any continued opposition offered by your avowed adversaries. Your triumph and your tranquillity will be won by simply following up the principle to which you trace your own exaltation. You are not called upon to *negotiate*, but to *choose*. It is to the adoption of a totally different course that I refer much of the errors in government which have prevailed since the death of Mr. Pitt. A rightly-constituted administration is a compacted body made up of efficient and agreeing members, working willingly under an acknowledged and informing head, so as to combine unity of purpose with facility and freedom of orderly execution. But the administrations which have successively swayed this country



during the last twenty years, have been rather joint-stock companies for the conservation of power, and the dispensation of patronage, than such a Government as I have scripturally sketched the frame of. Happy will it be for this empire, if in the allocation of important offices suddenly and sinfully vacated, you shall be led to fill them up—not by yielding to the accustomed course—by conceding to one man's antipathies or to another's predilections, by crouching to the aristocracy, or invoking a momentary gale of popular favour—but simply by selecting the ablest and honestest men whose political views most nearly accord with your own. If you do not pursue such a plan you cannot benefit the state. You may have a shewy cabinet of jealous equals, but you will look in vain for what you really want,—a generous band of tractable coadjutors, grateful for your friendship, and desirous of your counsel. Let me add, by way of warning, that much caution is required with respect to the adherents of your open enemies. Treat them with kindness and forbearance if you are so minded; but as to *confidence*—I give you a scriptural injunction: *Let them first be tried.*

But to afford me a more immediate entrance upon some pressing topics, I will take for granted (I fear more favourably for argument than you are likely to find a fact) that your administration is formed; that the various departments of the Government are adequately supplied with skilful functionaries; that the pilot is at the helm, and

the ship's company vigilant and active on their allotted posts—What is to be done? This is the question which we have now arrived at, and to which I will venture to give an answer in measured detail; neither aiming at epigrammatic brevity, nor wishing to spread my subjects into fatiguing and unprofitable diffusion. A true Christian cannot be an alarmist; for *he trusts in the living God: whom then should he fear?* But though void of dread, he cannot be blind to danger; and that the present state of England and the world is dangerous beyond all precedent, is to me as clear and evident as any truth of revelation. The root of the jeopardy lies in the total ignorance of the glorious gospel on the part of every *people, nation, tongue, and kindred* on the face of the earth. In the true knowledge of God consists the true happiness of man; and that knowledge hath been penally withdrawn from the world for at least sixteen centuries of guilt and misery, confusion and corruption. *Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people.* I have no intention of entrapping you into the perusal of any misplaced statements of divine truth. My present business is not so much to explain what true religion is, as to shew what the world suffers from the want of it. At home, abroad, in every gradation of human existence, from the wildest barbarism to the most refined and subtle civilization, the Christian eye contemplates one appalling aggregate of complaint and calamity; and this



effect is not produced without a sufficient and scripturally-assigned cause. *The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate.* It is with the volume of inspiration before me that I am strengthened to discern the sinful source of the distresses and disquietudes of almost every region of the habitable globe. The professed philosophers, with all their pageantry of vain thoughts, covered over with tinsel phrases, cannot aid me in my inquiries; and the philosophical pietists—the *masters in Israel*, who teach a Christianity without Christ—these my soul rejects as the most envenomed enemies of the gospel, and therefore the least fitted to further the cause of truth, peace, and righteousness. While thus disclaiming the succour of religionists, let me expressly proclaim my avoidance and abhorrence of that filthy fanaticism which at once pollutes and plunders, and maddens the poorer classes of our British population. I cast myself upon *the living God*, that he may teach me to teach others. As method is wholly mental, I wish to have my mind guided into the observance of such an order as shall give clearness and condensation to the several subjects which I am desirous of submitting to your view.

1. The first topic I am anxious to touch is one which the philosophical politician would practi-

cally postpone, but which the Christian fastens upon with pitying eagerness. I advert to the actual, acknowledged, and increasing distress of this country. Upon this point I speak with a confidence which not all the counter-statements of the Treasury Journals, no, nor all the encouraging eloquence of the Treasury's lord, can even shake. I know, with a fulness of sad certainty, that no land ever presented such an aspect of suffering and peculiar wretchedness as England exhibits at this moment. I use emphatically the term *peculiar*, because I can trace no memorial in the records of long-perished empires, which attests the past endurance of such strange and contrasted calamities as are now plainly beheld in this island. Famine, pestilence, the sword of traitors within, or of hostile aggressors from without,—all these scourges have many times avengingly visited many lands, and our land among the number. But who ever heard or read of a nation teeming with riches, and stricken with pauperism? Of a people, one large portion of which is saturated with abundance, while another and a larger class pines or menaces as it sinks deeper or more despairingly into utter poverty and destitution? That individuals should occasionally know the gnawings of unsupplied hunger, while gazing wistfully on prohibited plenty, every one acquainted with human life must sorrowfully set his seal to, as a truth experimentally established:

But that thousands upon thousands should be in so fearful a condition, in the heart of the most opulent and richly-stored state of modern times,—this is at once woful and wonderful. It is, however, as true as it is marvellous. The activity of profitable pursuits is palsied. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, the all-pervading energy of a commerce that tracked every ocean, and disgorged its cheap or costly burthens on every shore,—these darling glories of England, how disastrously are they dimmed! *Who is the wise man that may understand this? and who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken, that he may declare it, for what the land perisheth and is burned up like a wilderness, that none passeth through?*

The answer to this all-important interrogative must be drawn, not from the vague and wisdomless speculations of erring and interested men, but from the infallible truth, the *lively oracles* of the *Creator of heaven and earth*. It is *covetousness*, the sinful and therefore insatiable thirst of gain, that *LOVE of money*, divinely declared to be *the root of all evil*, that has, at length, overtaken the modern Tyre, with a pressure of punishment commensurate with her enormous guilt. The English nation have long been the worshippers of Mammon, and in what plight doth *their* god leave them now? Look through the manufacturing districts, once the scene of matchless but godless industry, every mind exercised upon projects of profit, and every hand fatigued with



seconding the never-sated desires of the lucre-loving heart; look, ye that have eyes and light, and behold the verification of the word of God! *O thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness.* This is the solution of the problem that has perplexed every mind, but the spiritual mind. In her daring and desperate attempts to engross the wealth of the world, England has strained herself unutterably beyond her strength; and her very struggles to regain something like her wonted energy, are but fearful, exasperating causes of further exhaustion. What war could not accomplish, avarice has achieved. Twenty years of slaughter, and spoil, and waste, and taxation, left England still the queen of nations. But ten years of peace consumed in plying the ceaseless shuttle, in fabricating those manifold manufactures which a sleepless spirit of gainful adventure hurried into every clime,—ten *such* years have sufficed to lay the glories of England in the dust; for I reckon her commercial and trading prosperity to have terminated when the rightly-termed “panic” spread such epidemic terror, and such universal ravage through the land. *In one hour so great riches is come to nought.* The truth of the case was as plain to my perception then as now: I saw that *the sword was upon England’s treasures* that they *should be robbed*; and I saw moreover that the same sword was upon England’s counsellors and senators; *upon*

*her princes and her wise men.* Every proceeding, and especially the parliamentary measure devised to *heal the breach* that had been made in the national prosperity, was characterized by an almost insane abandonment of every just principle of government and legislation. To the seeming sages of our land, it became evident that the country bankers were the grand conspirators in a scheme for effecting the total impoverishment of the nation. Their luckless one-pound notes, which nobody was compelled to take, and which were no legal tender, were penally swept out of circulation, in order to make room for certain other one-pound notes, concerning which the receivers had no option. In that fervid anxiety to meddle with every thing, which I perceive throbs most fiercely in the bosoms of those philosophical perfectionists who declaim most loudly in favour of the choice dogma that “every thing will find its level,”—the rulers of the state determined to regulate every man’s vineyard at the precise season when there was an unprecedented failure of fruit. People were to be instructed by an Act of Parliament as to the disposal of their confidence, and the deposit of their property. Could anything be more puerile than these vaunted follies? *For the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.*

But notwithstanding all the gentle excuses for iniquity sighed forth by sentimental moralists, it



must be sternly proclaimed that there are no "harmless follies" among the misdeeds of mankind. *Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap*; and, therefore, he who sows folly shall assuredly reap reproach. The unwise tampering with individual interests, on the plea of restoring and protecting national credit, inflicted incalculable injury on the already sorely-smitten traders of England. As a remedy for that extravagant trust which mischievously matured into covetous credulity, measures have been resorted to, which, so far as they operate, tend to crush all confidence. *They are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge.* The real check to undue facilities afforded by improvident bankers, took place when some scores of those too-liberal persons found their way into the Gazette, or were, perhaps, still more to their sorrow, narrowly kept out of it. And as to the possessors of pecuniary wealth, I am inclined to surmise that the suspended payments of so many money-changers, might serve to hint the need of circumspection in the choice of a banker, almost as cogently as a Bill of pains and penalties framed to protect such British pockets as have anything left in them. I am not the less serious as to my subject, while glancing a sportive smile on those absurdities to which I have briefly referred. But I must pass on to graver matter: I must notice rapidly, but faithfully, the monstrous inconsistency which has marked the measures of Government while la-

labouring to *enforce* that system so ably expounded by others, and so eloquently sought to be vindicated by yourself; I mean the dazzling day-dream of "free trade." Nothing can be more animating and attractive than the gorgeous speculation of a prosperous family of commercial nations, interchanging their commodities according to the principles of a "refined philosophy," and feeling happy to be enriched, in spite of themselves, by virtue of the most approved maxims of political economy. But, alas, Sir, for human nature! this magnanimous theory has but one fault,—striking, decisive, overpowering,—it is, in the present depraved condition of society, wholly impracticable. The selfishness of man cannot be quelled but by the power of the gospel; and having this evil principle to contend with, pray inform me, what the philosophers propose ultimately to accomplish? Let us, saith the zealous economist, if we cannot bring nations into a state of commercial enfranchisement, at least set them an example, by suddenly bursting every bond which restricts the freedom of trade. Such is the state of the world, that the result of such a proceeding must be total loss to the nation where the theory is tried; and the lesson taught to frustrated visionaries, is simply this, that we may generously renounce all the benefits of bondage, and yet remain completely estranged from the advantages of true freedom. I know that the economist, especially if he be a brilliant debater,

has still many shewy pleas to put forward. Even the distresses occasioned by an unreciprocated system, he can prove to be profitable,—after a generation or two have famished into eternity. But the Christian surveys those sorrows, technically shrouded in “revulsions” and “transitions,” with other eyes than they are beheld by philosophical statesmen. He views beings of the same blood, and dwellers in the same land, reduced to more painful privation at home, or driven to seek a contingent livelihood in foreign wilds, by a pertinacious adherence to schemes of unattainable commercial equality. I say nothing of the new Corn Bill, because it is a nullity in legislation; but let me whisper, that the supply of a nation’s subsistence is the act of Almighty God, and as much beyond human competence as the distilling of heaven’s dew, or the dispensation of heaven’s sunshine.

2. Measuring the evils of the land by the murmurs of the people, I am disposed to think that the grievances next in order for the consideration of an English minister, must be those connected with the real or imputed errors of that portion of judicial authority by which *equity* is meant to be administered. I have not read the thousand and one pages of the Chancery Report, and I pledge myself to you that I never will; and yet I cannot consider myself void of knowledge concerning the cause of one of the mightiest ills under which Great Britain groans. True equity is righteous-



ness; and none can *judge righteous judgment*, but one whose mind is enlightened, and whose heart is filled with the *good knowledge* of the *Lord our righteousness*. You will perhaps turn round to ask me if any Lord Chancellor ever graced the judgment seat, whose manifested qualities accorded with my scriptural standard? I answer very frankly that I think it more than questionable; and yet there are many gradations between *thick darkness* and *perfect day*. You, Sir, have the choice of a Chancellor, unless you abdicate your rightful function, and suffer a man of law to chuse the Chancellorship. You have it therefore within your competence to promote salutary changes and regulations, which all the reforming sages in and out of Westminster Hall, cannot pass the bounds of their inveterate faculty habits, so as even to conceive of. I have told you what a Lord Chancellor should be—let me now declare what such a personage should *not* be. He should *not* be a selfish son of earth, accumulating power and pelf by the assumption of conflicting duties which he can never discharge. He should *not* be a self-righteous eulogist of his own conscientious *decisions*, while confessedly dwelling in the midst of eternal doubts. He should *not* be a heartless inquirer into human calamity—merging the gravity of his station into gibes on insolvency, and a laugh at lunacy. If such a Lord Chancellor as I have just attempted to sketch, shall succeed the noble Earl who has resolved to retire, the

people of England will have ample grounds for exclaiming with the prophet—*Truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter.*

3. The contemplation of what amounts to a denial of justice with reference to the *property* of my fellow-subjects, leads me to the consideration of a question in which many millions of our population deem their dearest rights to be involved—I speak of what is commonly called Catholic Emancipation, and I premise that I shall treat the question exclusively as a political one. I will not sully the splendors of Christianity by admitting for a moment that religion—true and pure religion—can have any place in the secular feuds of Protestants and Catholics—the long-continued contention between intolerant masters and insurgent slaves—for such are the two classes into which the inhabitants of Ireland are divided. And yet religion is the watch-word and the war-whoop with both parties. But the clamorous pretensions of sects and establishments are lost upon me. To my Christian view, Popery is nothing more than the superstition of the senses, and Protestantism is a more intellectual idolatry than Popery—and the difference, thus distinguished, has been sufficiently marked by the persecutions alternately waged by two false religions—for *the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.* The Catholics have, at all convenient seasons displayed their zeal by torturing and destroying the *bodies* of their heretical adversaries,



and the Protestants have signalized the triumph of *their* orthodoxy by molesting the minds, and injuring the living interests of those who hold an antagonist creed, founded on the corruptions of Christianity. The gospel explication of this *mystery of iniquity* may be sought for, where it is more fitly placed than in a letter to a First Lord of the Treasury;\* but the simple statement which will go far to prove my propositions, cannot be more advantageously located than in the present pages. For three hundred years a certain portion of the communities of Christendom have laboured under the melancholy mistake, that the Reformation was a revival of true religion, whereas the only competent judges of the fact, *believers in Jesus—for he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man*, such divinely-taught, not self-constituted teachers, are bound to testify, that the revolt of Luther from the Papal see, no more sprang from *the spirit of Christ*, than did subsequently the mad rebellion of the Puritans, the blood-thirsty violence mingled with the wicked covetousness of the Scottish covenanters, the blasphemers of their God, and the sellers of their King—or more recently the blind folly and actual fraud of Methodism, or any other *ism* with which the world hath been cursed. All sects openly denounce, or inwardly hate each other, and they

\* See (if you should really desire to see it) *Blasphemy not to be repressed or refuted, but by THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS*. By Thomas Mulock. Second edition. Mort, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

have taken all possible pains to demonstrate by sword, faggot, and dungeon, by bad laws and worse government, that *the world by wisdom knoweth not God*. Martin Luther was a talented talker on the scriptures, and John Calvin was a subtle scribe, peering with an audacious mind, and a heart leavened to the core with the gall of persecuting bitterness, into the glorious mysteries of the everlasting gospel. Such were the *two pillars*, the mock *Jachin* and *Boaz* of the counterfeit temple set up by Satan under the title of the Reformation. With the deadly fruits of false religion other than those which have poisoned the political condition of states, I do not here, I repeat, design to meddle. But there is sufficient scope for observation in the single case of the Irish Catholics—a case to my apprehension more clearly illustrative of the refined tyranny of theologians, than any within the pale of profane history.

Ireland, when first ravaged rather than conquered by English military violence, enjoyed or endured (let the antiquarians decide which) a superstition, which from unnumbered memorials, I consider to have been the worship of *Baal*: for the very names of a hundred towns and villages prove the honour in which the false god was held by the Irish Aborigines. Popery was one of the English gifts imparted to Ireland, and three centuries of unrelenting outrage were sorrowfully spent in exacting acceptance of the proffered boon. The kindredness of Popery with the un-

speakable corruption of human nature, at length reconciled the Irish to an exchange of errors—and then burst forth the craftiest of all Satan's permitted devices—the fresh and vigorous delusion of the Reformation. As England, partly from fear, and partly from mutability, quickly embraced the new opinions, and clothed them with the influence of power, tithes and temporalities, it soon became a state principle to effect a uniformity of what was denominated true religion, because it was the religion of those who ruled. It was thought expedient to sever Popish Ireland from the superstitions of papal Rome, and to effect that object, the reformers were constrained to adopt a system somewhat different from that pursued by their Catholic predecessors in persecution. The Protestants professed to be the champions of “liberty of conscience,” and had loudly inveighed against the infliction of bodily sufferings on the enemies of truth and freedom. But still it was a settled point that conformity must be compassed by the employment of milder means than the Vatican was accustomed to counsel. And what were and are those means? I answer, wicked laws which consolidate into the worst tyranny. A Popish persecutor sent into some devoted land a horde of regimented ruffians, with the cross blazoned on their banners, or waved in the van by some cowed or croziered apostle of extermination. Havoc and horror mark their marshalled progress, or their irregular inroads upon human



safety and comfort. *The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them*—for the scaffold collects and appropriates the estrays of the sword. And yet lands which were the scene of such comprehensive calamities have not only risen from their wretchedness, but attained to prosperity greater than was ever even imagined before their days of desolation. Read the records of Alva's atrocities while you glide over the surface of a Dutch canal, and you will feel the force of my affirmation. But a land, subdued into ruin and degradation by the agency of perverse laws, owing their origin to fanatical hatred coupled with a lust of temporal domination, must, by the lapse of years, sink into "lower depths" of national debasement. Now *such* a land is the land of *your* ancestors, and of *my* birth; miserable, misruled, afflicted Ireland. I write the plain and simple language of my heart, when I avow my persuasion that the wickedness of man has never perpetrated more enduring enormities than the Protestant policy of England has occasioned in the sister country. And why? Because, unrighteous laws rooted in a principle of persecution, and growing with the growth of exclusive interests, have, like the *Upas*, overshadowed the land, obstructing the light of improvement, and dropping deadly dews upon society itself. Do you not perceive a fidelity in the sketch, though

the rainbow tints of *your* glowing eloquence are absent from *my* canvas? Yes, nothing is more true; Ireland has been long and largely injured, and yet (*the wages of sin!*) England has derived nothing from oppression but the perilous privilege of a tyrant—to threaten, and to fear. *Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price.* As the consistent advocate of Catholic Emancipation, You will now more than ever be looked up to for effectual interference, and I trust you will be led rightly. Whether it be consistent with your present function to originate a legislative proceeding on behalf of the Catholics, is a point which I do not think myself called upon to decide, though I am not afraid of encountering the question. But my earnest expectation and my hope concerning the matter is this, that no measure will pass the Imperial Parliament with reference to the Catholics, until the mind of the country is fully prepared for a simple Bill of recital and unqualified repeal. When the Catholics are asked for “securities,” we offend them by our suspicions, while we betray our alarms; and if we surrender rights while bargaining for duties, we are capitulating with the Catholics, not legislating for them. A generous gift may secure attachment, but the doled out portions of a niggard policy, keep men in thankless and thriftless indigence, unsatisfied with what they get, and craving what is refused. *There is*



*that scattereth and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.*

4. *If thou seest, saith the word of eternal wisdom, the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter.* Influenced by the spirit of this divine injunction, I now approach with more of sorrow than surprise, the state subject next in order of importance. I mean the true condition of our vast colonial possessions scattered through so many latitudes ; the mastery of mouldered empires in the east, and a cluster of insular, subordinate sovereignties in the western Archipelago. I must reserve my remarks on the foreign policy of Great Britain, for the concluding part of this communication. *That* policy, in its principle and course, demands a just measure of cautious consideration ; but to my view it dwindles into dwarfish interest when compared with the safety, comfort, and concord of the many-coloured millions of human beings confided to the tutelary care of this country. Objects locally near, present themselves more forcibly even to the eye of the mind, than remoter, though really more momentous matters. Thus I make no doubt, in a ministerial arrangement, the Foreign Office takes admitted precedence of the Colonial Department. As I am no candidate for office, high or low, you will, perhaps, permit me to pursue my own career of thought, so long as I leave uninverted, the esti-

mate or the etiquette of Downing-street. Looking as I do on the East and West Indies, as containing a population made up of sojourners sent from the parent country to fill civil, military, or commercial stations—of the descendants of British settlers—or of the native “numbers numberless,” rendering the allegiance of adopted children to the monarch of Great Britain—*thus* contemplating the subject, the continent of Europe retires from my view, and Bengal or Barbados become nearer than Berlin or Boulogne. The mere glance at what is significantly termed “British India,” conveys to the mind a subject glittering with historical, truthful wonders. An immense tract of long-trodden soil, bearing countless crowds bending under the yoke of a thousand oriental forms of despotism—the land and all that loads it, conquered, and kept, and ruled, and robbed by a handful of European adventurers! As our hold of India has been gained by the grasp of commercial enterprise, it is but natural that the *tact* of traders should for the most part, supersede enlightened principles of government, in the actual management of our Indian empire. The counsellors of India constitute a congress of counting-houses, possessing neither the responsibility of statesmen, nor the advantages commonly accruing from the intense intelligence of individual “interest.” And yet the singular state of society in those rich regions, where the infancy of the human race may be said to have been cradled,

requires a wisdom to regulate, cherish and restrain it, far above all that men of merchandize can be expected to furnish. Hindûstan exhibits a curious contrast of vicissitude and immobility. Dynasties of despots have vanished, generations of slaves have gone down sorrowfully to the grave—but the same usages, the same idolatry, the same crimes, stamp successions of sinners with the same impress of iniquity. I seem to see a kind of Herculaneum in the moral world—the vestiges of ages, and the freshness of to-day!

How this anomalous portion of British empire is to be dealt with, *I* am not, at present, prompted to inquire; but I sincerely hope that *you* will. Rest assured that the *day is coming and even now is*, when the claims of India to a government other than can be framed by charters, or carried on by invoices, must and will be attended to. If you do not speak to India in accents of pity and of peace, she will peal forth her wrongs in a voice of thunder.

And now let us turn whither subjects spring up with such alarming abundance and alacrity as will constrain us to tarry longer than where the outward light of the world *rejoicingly commences its course*; for I prefer the astronomy of Scripture to all the *science falsely so called*, that lorded over the unspiritual piety of Newton, or succoured the atheism of La Place. The state of our West India Colonies is truly fearful, even when con-



sidered by minds least susceptible of intimidation. The world's work is full of perplexity, occasioned by the world's sin; but where shall we behold such confusion from contrasted feelings and conflicting interests as may be discerned in every colony of the British West Indies? Freemen all but revolting against the mother country for pressing the abolition of slavery—and slaves, excited to a frantic expectation of enfranchisement, while watched, dreaded and punished by the very authorities commissioned to nourish their deferred hopes. The most deplorable infatuation exists in this country with reference to the subject of slavery, and nothing but the *true light* of Christianity can disperse the darkness which palpably prevails. It now verges upon the fortieth year since England was instigated by the zeal of a man of whom I do not wish to speak unbecomingly—I mean Mr. Wilberforce—to attempt the abolition of that gigantic evil, the slave trade. What prodigious perseverance was manifested by that distinguished individual to attain the accomplishment of his heart's desire, I need not notice here—it is a part of our national records. At length the victory was achieved, and the slave trade was denounced and penally prohibited by an express act of the legislature. Mr. Wilberforce and his special abettors have now enjoyed twenty years of triumph—perhaps of gain\*—let us endeavour

\* I allude to Sierra Leone, that pestilential swamp, “where armies whole have sunk,” and which I am persuaded, from au-

to shew the triumph and the gain of "injured Africa." Alas, alas! the tale of terrific truth is soon told. The state of Africa is unutterably worse, than when the unchecked cupidity of man traded fearlessly in human flesh. The penal severity of laws devised by philosophers and philanthropists, has whetted the cruelty and covetousness of fallen man, and thus the horrors of piracy are superadded to the wickedness of a monstrous, accursed traffic. But the cause, the cause of this fatal failure—this blast and mildew upon the best concerted schemes of man? I answer the question as God hath answered it—*Ye looked for much, and lo, it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of mine house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house.* The men who stirred up the enthusiasm of England to "abolish" the slave trade, and who now "howl and hiss" for the extirpation of slavery, are men ignorant of God, while professing to do his holy will. Unacquainted with human nature, and destitute of the true knowledge of Christ, they have sought, and still seek, to effect by *the law*, what God hath ordained to be accomplished by *the gospel*.

Thus far of Africa and abolitionists. Now let us pursue the progress of error, and track the

thentic documents, is one of the most *corrupt and abominable* communities upon earth: the filthy but lucrative *apantage* of a knot of counterfeit pietists.

evil energy of religion without truth, and philosophy without principle, careering through our West India colonies. Is it not a plain, afflicting fact, that those colonies are become a perilous source of disquietude to the harassed government of this country? Assailed by reproach and remonstrance from indignant planters, and worried with the ceaseless yell of fanaticism on behalf of purposely-incensed slaves, even you, Sir, have yielded to the stronger impulse, and thrown your weight into the scale of sectarian zeal, and what I presume is esteemed "liberal" legislation. All your plans for the gradual improvement of the condition of slaves will prove utterly abortive. The miserable material on which to work, is certainly beneath your hand; but you know not the only *power* by which intractable man can be subdued into individual happiness and social melioration. Think not that I, of all men, undervalue the blessings of freedom: I abhor slavery, because I hate sin; and assuredly the first sinner was the first slave. But real liberty is a gospel gift, not a legal acquisition. If I am asked how bondage is to be broken, the sinews of sin cracked, yea, the whole body and substantial life of evil destroyed? I must unfold the great mysteries of the *everlasting gospel*—but I shall seize the suited occasion.

5. After the censures reluctantly passed on that portion of policy which I conceive to be least your own, I feel gratified in bearing testi-



mony to the great ability and general discretion which you have displayed while presiding over the foreign relations of this empire. The state of Europe is one of incessant agitation; so much so, as to make the feverish restlessness of a questionable peace more troublesome to vigilant rulers than the continued convulsion of open war. But you have been led wisely through many difficulties; and so, I trust, you will still be led. The continental nations teem with a population dazzled with the glare of military glory, notwithstanding millions have been, within memory, immolated before the wrathful shrine. Their *voice is still for war*. Prefer a pretext for peace, to the seemingly strong motives for war; aye, even though a *casus fæderis* should alluringly present itself, decked with seducing plausibilities, and with syren strains beguile you into *meddling with strife that belongeth not unto you*.

I must now take my leave, intreating you to look leniently on any warmth of expression which the courtesy of courts, or the interested obsequiousness of courtiers may not altogether approve of. *He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favour than he that flattereth with the tongue*. You have my cordial wishes for your welfare; and as for your enemies—the more intrepidly you confront them the better. I am not justified in expecting *Christian* boldness from you; but, nevertheless, I exhort you to *be of good cheer*. I would

remind you of what *one of your own poets hath said—*

“Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat’ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.”

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

THOMAS MULOCK.

*London, April 25, 1827.*

THE END.





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